

ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ,

OR AN
IMAGE ROYAL,
&c.



March 25.

Printed in the Year. 1660.

THE BAZAAR

OR AN

IMAGE ROYAL

&c.

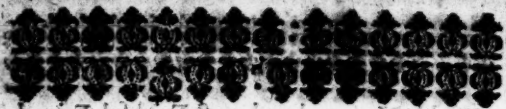


Vol. 1. No. 1.

Printed in the Year 1844.

To his Honored and most Faithful Friend
HENRY OXINDEN Esq;
Upon his most Incomparable
EPITHALAMIUM.

U*N*celebrated **NUPTIALS** by thee
Made coy Diana vow Virginitie.
*Thy lines (I fear) such powerful charms will prove;
As to make all the Muses fall in love;
And strive who first shall quit Parnassus hill,
To Kiss, to Court, and to Esponse thy Quill.
Thy heart-enchaining strains, did they but see,
The Nunneries would all unpeopl'd be:
Despising Cloysters; Abbesses would throng
About thee, for to beg a Marriage Song.
Your Wedding Garments well become the Bride,
And SUITE her for a BAZILEAN side.
Who grieve to see the Tapers loose their light,
Because your Muse must then bid them good night.
Beauty will most ingeniously confess,
You only Cloath her in her pleasing Dress.*



On my highly honored Friend,
the Author of the
EPITHALAMIUM.

IN this dear Pair, we see two married Hearts,
And in your Book the Marriage of the Arts :
Your Lines are all Heroick, so are they ;
Those wear the Rosemary, and you the Bay :
Prose first conjoyn d them both, till their last breath,
But in your Verse, they'r wedded after death.

Th. Williams.

To

To his much respected Friend,

HENRY OXINDEN,

in behalf of his *Εικὸν Βασιλική*;

As also

To the READER concerning the same.

HEnry, methinks thou do'st most sweetly sing,
O how thy Muse makes Musick for a King!
Even the very best of Kings, the Spheres
May not sound sweeter in his Sacred Ears,
Then thy exalted Monarchy above
All Governments below the Throne of Jove.
And ye sweet Basil, and fair Dorothy,
Extolled higher then sublimity!
How can you chuse, but much delight to hear
Your worth's so sweetly tuned to your ear,
By him whom Malice at its height can't say,
Haith used been unto the least foul play,
But hates what's false, and loveth what is true,
And Reader, if you him, I know loves you.

Another by the same, to the same.

HENRY, I do confess I love thee well,
Yet in a friendly manner Ile thee tell,
That though in reading of thy lines no small
Pleasure I take, and love to view them all
Over and over, that nor Monarchie,
Nor Basil, nor his matchless Dorothe
Thou hast set out to their worths *ἀντι* no,
Yet Ile excuse thee, who can do it so?
And, Reader, make thou much of what thou hast
In these his lines, he says they are his last;
They are his last, and now gives way to thee
T'excel that which cannot be done by me.

One more to the same, by the same.

Ι ΕΙΚΟΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ

o heavenly light!

More joyous then the Fountain of the Light!
It is so well by *Henry* here display'd,
As sure he had all the Nine Muses ayd;
Yea, a far greater: now he is set down
To rest, I wish him at the last Heav'ns Crown.
Now, Reader, with me joyn and let us raise
His fame on earth, and crown his head with Bays,
That he a Poet Laureate may be,
And consecrated to Eternitie.

To

To the Reader,

By the Author.

REader, here is exposed to thine eye
How (by Heaven authoriz'd) Monarchie
Excels not only rude Democratic,
But also choicest Aristocratie :
Here also thou maist see, if thou canst see,
A gift Divine, ev'n *Basil Dorothie*.
If thou beest wise, what ere thou thinkst of, me,
Do not at least despise Divinity.
But if thou thinkst the gift is far more high
Then I have set it out, true, so do I,
And therefore pray thee my defects supply
By thy perfections, or me not decry :
For my part I ingeniously confess
Here's worth, as to its hight I can't express.

To M o m u s.

Momus I charge thee venome spit thou none
'Gainst Basil Dorothy conjoyn'd in one :
Kings are the gift of God, nay, Kings are Gods,
Thou hast a pestilent Tongue, but they have Rodes.

LIB.

LIB. I.

IT's said the Heir of *Broom* that noble Squire,
 Whose gallant heart being touched with *Loves*
 Hath joyned hands with one whose vertues are (fire,
 Such as his own, and both beyond compare.
 Chast *Erato* thou noble Muse, thou which
 Do'st all thy lovers with thy help enrich,
 Help me thy servant, that I may display
 Sights able to turn night into the day,
 Rare *Beauties*! such as soon as *Phebus*, he
 Is under Earth, makes hast again to see;
 And who needs wonder that he doth so, sith
 Their radiant eyes add lustre to his light.

Reader, no figures here expect, what's true
 Is onely now exposed to thy view:
Hyperboles there is no need of here,
 Where eyes more beautiful then *Sol* appear,
 Eyes purely shining in Heavenly faces,
 And orb'd with the Mirror of all *Graces*.
 O, who is he that's mortal can express
 Such *Beauties* as the *Angels* may confess,

A task sufficient for their skill divine,
 Highly transcendent unto all that's mine ;
 Could I now mount above *Heav'n's* highest sphere,
 And pluck a *Quill* from *Cherubims* are there,
 And be inspired with their knowledge, then
 I might their worth describe with such a Pen :
 But sith to me a mortal it's deny'd
 By *Angels* in this case to be supply'd
 With help adequate unto my desires,
 Little I'll say, how ere I do require
 Thy patience *Reader*, and forgiveness too
 In all that herein I shall say or do :
 And you whose *Beauties*, and whose royal worth
 I now am ayming partly to set forth,
 I must your pardons crave for coming short
 Of what I should, if that I could report,
 I mean your *Excellencies*, which surmount
 The numerous Sands or Stars in my account,
 Those *Excellencies* which do in you shine,
 Unmixt with Earth, and purely all divine.

And sith man first was made, I will begin
 To speak of thee sweet *Basil*, near of kin
 To him that made thee, being (witness *Paul*)
 The ver' Off-spring of him that governs all.
 Thy name imports a *King*, thy *Princely* face
 Speaks thee to be a lover of his race :
 Let *Dunhill* fancies court the multitude,
 Of faith, and spirits barbarous, base and rude,

And

And like the *Heathin* many Gods adore,
 Thou worship'st one, in truth there is no more;
 No more then one God, and one King there is
 Can crown the Nations with a Royal bliss.
 Hence 'tis *Queen Nature* (constantly)
 Graves in brave hearts the rule of Royalty.
 No matter 'tis which way the vulgar go,
 Alas, poor Souls, they know not what they do!
 What Chaff's more light, what Sea to swell more apt
 Then they? who when the weathers calm are rapt
 Ev'n up t' Heav'n in fancy, and in hope,
 When foul, a funder cut the Cable Rope:
 Before the Ship's in danger, (*Lord defend*
 All thine from those who thus to ruine tend.)
 What *Tygre* is more fierce? what *Savage Bear*
 More cruel then those head-strong Block-heads are?
 Yet the quick sliding Sand is settled more
 Then they: O how soon turned o'r and o're!
Euripus thou so often (we do know)
 As they do change, doest not ebb and flow!
 Thou *Proteus*, and thou *Luna* us'd to vary,
 Art far more constant then this *Drummedary*,
 This huge, this strange, this inform, monstrous beast
 With many thousand heads of late increas'd,
 And cherish'd by a damn'd, and stinking Rump
 Scorn'd and abhor'd, and worn unto the slump;
 The sink of filth, in which the choicest thing,
 Smells not so well as Close-stools of a King.

But

But thou, O *Basil*, thy high worth disdains
 The scurrilous humor of such frantick brains,
 And hat'st those vermine that would undermine
 Root, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine,
 And *Hocms Pocms* long breath'd Sycophants,
 Who in such cunning manner set the Plants
 Of *Treason* and *Sedition*, that they grow
 Fast'ning their Roots as deep as Hell below,
 And their huge Leaves o'r-spread the poys'ned Soyl
 Of this most famous and once *Sovereign Isle*.
 (Who cloak their crimes in Hoods of holiness,
 And take Gods name to cover wickedness,
 Are double Villains, and the Hypocrite
 Is most-most odious in Gods glorious sight.)
 Go on brave *Basil* stand to the profession
 Of true *Religion* (with a due discretion
 To make of loyal Spirits a good choice,
 And know true Shepherds from the *Hyena's* voice;
 And follow the same wisdom which thou hast
 With Principles for several years embrac'd,
 Which tell thee that the Scepter sway'd by any
 Plurality, hath symptoms like to many,
 And neither of them can be lasting, why?
 For want of union in their birth they dy.
Union is of *Government* the life,
 And will preserve it in despite of strife.
 What is *Democracy* but a tols'd ship,
 Void both of Pole, and Pilot in the deep,

~~Senate~~ fram'd of many a head-strong Clown,
 Where number weighs the most judicious down;
 Where they whose eyes are in their head propose,
 And they who are most blinde of all dispose,
 A stinking *Olio*, poysoning the air,
 Infecting most that unto it repair,
 A gally maufry of brains so possest
 As still the vilest is accounted best,
 Where who's most bold, busie, and void of wit,
 And speaks least sence, is thought the nail to hit.
 It is a *Fair* exposing things to sale,
 And pest' red with strange beast sway'd by the tayl,
 It is a Forge upon whose Anvil wrought
 Ugly confusion, and the fire is brought
 From Hell which heateth the affection
 Of those who in it cause distraction;
 The sparkles of this fire about do flye,
 Visible, and known to every eye.
 And how I pray can plots, though deep they be,
 Be safe, if all in common must them see?
 Sith known designs do seldom take effect,
 Are desperate, and dangerous to act:
 And hence it is that wise men still exclude
 The turbulent, base, moody multitude
 From holding the choice Rains of Government,
 Which in such hands cannot be permanent,
 Nor with less danger can an *Empery*
 Be sway'd by an *Aristocracy*,

It being a Field wherein the Devil doth sow
 Strife, Leagues and Factions, and they in it grow:
 It being a Stage where those of highest blood
 Act their own ends, yet pretend common good:
 Where usually, like Bulls untamed, they
 Each hale, and strangely pull a different way,
 Every one hurried with passions high,
 To what their lusts transport their minds awry;
 At length the Strongest down the weakest bears,
 To himself usurps the Crown, and so it wears:
 Thus Aristocracy doth ever tend
 To Monarchy at last, and in it end.

Monarchy in Heaven hath ever been
 In high'st esteem, from whence it did begin.
 The Almighty Monarch he alone did frame
 The World, and all below and 'bove the same:
 The World needs but one God, Heav'n but one Sun,
 And our Great *Brittain* KING but only One:
 Such as is He, whose Wisdom and Fore-sight
 Makes Him the Almighty's Picture, even right.

'Tis *Monarchy* which is a Station sure,
 Built skilfully, and ever will endure;
 Although we see it sometimes out of place,
 Again as 'twas it comes to be at last:
 For Rebel subjects of themselves will quail,
 And Lawful *KINGS* at first or last prevail.

Monarchy is a quiet House, where's one
 Obey'd, and serv'd sans contradiction;

A Garden where Seditions takes no rooting;
 And all confounding Anarchy no footing:
 A well rig'd Ship, where dangers true appearing,
 All do give way unto their Masters steering.

A Monarch's Edicts are like Laws Divine,
 To be imprinted in a Loyal mind
 With Reverence; and they ought act them too,
 Sith GOD himself commands them so to do;
 His will is Subjects jointly should proceed,
 To execute their SOVERAIGN's will with speed,
 And not against their GOD, KING reasoning stand
 Whil'st in the interim victory escapes his hand:
 His will is Governments on Earth should be
 Like His in Heaven, a perfect Monarchie.

And therefore cursed those arch Traitors be
 Who do rebel against the Deity:
 Atheists in Grain, faining Superstition
 To cloak their cruelty and damn'd ambition,
 God and Mans Enemies, incarnate Devils,
 Fell-murdering Vipers, Chaos of all evils,
 Unnatural *Neroes*, *Erostrates* cruel,
 Which of KING, Peers & people would make fuel,
 Confound all Order and Religion quash,
 Of honesty and falshood make a hash.

But *Basil* be thou blest'd, and go on still,
 Thy self conforming to thy Sovereigns will,
 Fear God, thy *King Charles* honor, give no eare
 To fawning hypocrites, their wayes forbear.

Med-

Meddle not with them, for to change they bend
 Their restless mindes, and will in ruine end,
 And that ere long, yea, possibly before,
Sol shall his beaten track oft gallop o'r,
 Yea, suddenly destruction shall come
 Upon them, heark, methinks I hear the Drum
 Beating a Call unto their welcome change,
 And O, how many thousands see I range,
 In battle order 'gainst those *Rumpers* which
 Have pin'd the *Body* to uphold the *Britch*.
 Methinks I see, or else my sight's deceived,
 And I of understanding am bereaved;
 I say, methinks I see the Stars ev'n all
 Joyntly prepare themselves against the fall
 Of that same many headed Monstrous thing,
 That hath so long withstood their God and King.
 Methinks I Praise God *Bare-bone* see lament
 That ere unto the headless *Parliament*,
A Phanatick Petition he prefer'd
 'Gainst *King* and *Peers*, or ere against them stir'd.
 And you *John Lambert*, *Disbrowe*, and others,
 That in iniquity were all sworn Brothers,
 Are you not now with your own coyn paid off,
 And to your Foes, and Quondam-friends a scoff?
 And thou, O *Oliver*, who soard'st so high,
 What hast behinde thee left save infamy,
 And a foul stench, which by relations
 Was smelled over all the *Tripple Nations*?

Which

(99)
Which O together with thy Hypocrisie,
Will ere be mention'd with Indignity:
And whatsoever thou didst once suppose,
More infamous will make thee then thy Nose.
But of this subject now no more I'll sing
Or say, then only this, *God save the KING.*

B **LIB. II.**

LIB. II.

B*Afil,* I now again draw near to thee,
 To whom I have a perfect sympathie,
 And love on thee to look, for in thy face
 True Loyaltie I see conjoyn'd with Grace :
 And as Thou Loyally most gracious art,
 So other graces in thee act their part,
 Every one so, as if they strived which
 (To their own glory) should thee most enrich,
 What by retail to Saints themselves is given,
 On thee in gross is poured down from Heav'n,
 And Nature which to Millions hath seem'd
 A curs'd step-mother, as she's daily deem'd,
 By making them so ugly to the view
 O how most beautiful hath she made you!
 Witness thy Rosial Cheeks, thy speaking Eyes,
 Which did so fair and wise a soul surprize,
 Even thine, O Peerless Madam *Dorothy* !
 The very Mansion of Divinity.
 Speak, *Madams*, could you any armor find
 Might be of proof, such as could fence your mind :
 Or could you any stratagem devise
 Against th' Artillary of his sparkling eyes ?
 Ah vain it is for flesh and blood to oppose
 The powerful beams which come from such as those
 But

But how unfit am I to blazon forth
 So great, so rare, so incomparable worth,
 As is in Thee the glorious heir of *Broom*,
 Whose parallel was never seen in *Rome*.

Some trumpet out aloud the fame of *Fabius*,
 Of *Mutius*, *Curius* and *Camillus*,
 And of the *Scipios* and the *Cæsars*, who
 Come short of thee, for thou dost them out-go
 As far in *Virtue* as the truth precedes
 Falshood, or real actions feigned deeds;
 They were extoll'd beyond their merits due,
 What feigned was in them, in you is true;
 And how, sweet *Basil*, couldst thou well be other,
 Descending from so fair and wise a *Mother*?

True Vertues are the Objects of thy will;
 Vain fame of theirs, with it the world to fill.
 And whereas the same *Vertues*, which in shew,
 These had, who most had, had of them but few;
 Thou *Basil* in a number art known well,
 Not to be equalized to excel:
 So that I sooner could tell every tree
 Which on the earth at this time growing be,
 And sooner reckon all the waves to one (Throne
 Wherewith fierce *Neptune* (since *Jove* sate in's
 Have beat upon the British coast, or know
 How many plants in the whole world do grow,
 Then I an even number can invent,
 Which to thy *Vertues* are equivalent.

Doubtless it doth within the compass come,
 Of mine own brain, to reckon up the sum
 Of all the Millions of Miles, which each
 Point sign'd in Heav'n in the *Aequator's* reach,
 With full career turns round within an hour
 Its space, as likewise in full twenty four :
 And I confess, I could with mickle ease
 Make demonstration, if that I please,
 Of such a number just of inches, nay,
 Of Barley corns, which certainly reach may
 (Set one by one) in length unto the Moon,
 Or to the body of the Star of Noon ;
 Nay, of a greater number of Sands small,
 Which the concavity would fill up all,
 From the Earth's centre to the very sphere
 Of the fix'd Stars, which thence such distance bear.
 But *Basil* I dare never undertake
 Of all thy vertues, a just sum to make.
 And such they also be, that whoso'er
 In time to come shall hear of them, and ne'r
 Render due honor to them ; let them be
 Proclaimed odious to posterity,
 Because they will refuse to pay it you,
 To whom the utmost height of it is due :
 Yea, let all their actions, even their best,
 Be accounted such as Heav'n doth detest ;
 And let their leprous names dishonor'd dy,
 Or if survive, survive with Infamy.

Come

Come, *Reader*, now sit down a while by me,
 And by thy leave I will set out to thee
 A Lady fair, pure, perfect and divine,
 Which did this noble Lovers heart enshrine.
 Wonder not at it, sith that such she is
 As in Her self's a *Magazine* of *Bliss*;
Beantie and *Bliss* in her together joyn,
 And do thy *Happiness*, O *Basil* sign!
 This is sweet *Dorothy*, who is design'd
 By *Natures* self the glory of her kind;
 On whom when brighter then the Sun I gaze
 My senses all do tread a Lovers maze.

Some say such was *Hero*, *Hero* the fair,
 That her *Apollo* courted for her hair,
 And off' red for a dower his burning Throne,
 For her to sit for men to gaze upon:
 But I say, What would have *Apollo* given
 For *Dorothy*, if not his share in Heav'n?

Some say for *Hero* lovely *Cupid* pin'd,
 And looking in her face was stricken blind;
 Who holds his face t'ward thine, fair *Dorothy*,
 Though he were blind before, he then may see,
 (More probably) for thy bright heav'nly Eyes
 May make the Dumb to speak, the Dead to rise,
 Convert old *Sadduces*, and teach them faith
 Here to believe what our own *Scripture* saith.
 Some say so faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
 As *Nature* wept thinking she was undone,

Because she took more from her then she left,
And of such wondrous *Beauty* her bereft,
Believe it they that will, for *Henry*, I
Say an Hyperbole it is, or lye:
But I am sure so fair is *Dorothie*,
And so eminent in superiority,
That I (methinks) see *Nature* stand at gaze,
Proud that she should so rare a Fabrick raise,
Yet doubtful to acknowledg it, least she
Might seem t'encroach upon *Divinity*.
And *Nature* may triumph, having brought forth
A Creature of such *Beautie* and such worth,
As *Natures* God delighteth in to see,
And Angels muse to hear the Melodie
Of her sweet voice, O rare and Heavenly voice!
The Essence of their tunes when they rejoyce.

O who is he can worthily declare
Each part of Her, and not come short by far?
Sith what we know so lovely are in sight,
As no soul can expresse them to the height:
Her fore-head, O how fair, how heavenly
It looks's! the white Swan, Snow or Ivory
Come as far short as fairest Flowers exceed
In lovely *Beauty* the most ugly Weed:
Her Eye-brows th' Arches which support the same,
May well be thought t'uphold a heavenly frame,
And those pure Eyes which underneath do shine,
All who them see, must needs say are divine:

And

And if they were expos'd to each eye,
Who is't that would not learn *Astronomie*;
And mark their motions more then those who light,
Though higher set, less pleasant are to sight,
Having such virtue in them as to turn
Stones into men, and make meer rocks to burn;
And why not so? if that their radiant light
Will perfectly out-shine *Sun* at his hight,
And add such lustre to the darksome *Moon*,
As may make mid-night ev'n as light as *Noon*.
Her cheeks spread with a colour of such hew,
So lovely as *Aurora* never knew,
In which those jars are all compos'd seen,
Which 'twixt the white Rose and the red have been.
And why not so? sith that 'tis known in heart
And body too, she's Royaliz'd in part;
And sure in some sort 'tis a heav'nly thing
To have relation to a glorious *King*.
Sith *Kings* are *Gods*, who dare to it say no,
When God hath sign'd their warrants to be so.

But O the *Virtue* in her lips that is
Able to ravish if dispos'd to Kifs!
Divinely ravish, to an extasie
With joyes and pleasures, O how heav'nly!
And why not so? sith Rubies they surpass,
And they abound with most refined Grace,
From whence true Nectar is so poured forth,
As *Jove* himself nere tasted of such worth.

And oh the choice Pearls which her Lips do hide!
(Choice things are rare, they seldom are espy'd,)
And oh the fluent Tongue those Pearls contain!
Never yet known let loose to speech in vain,
And oh how pow'rful 'tis when it hath force
To quicken stones, and stop the Oceans course!
And why not so? if that the Powers divine,
Unto it hearken, and her will incline.
And oh her breath more sweet than any Rose!
'Tis a holy flame sanctifies where it goes.
Her Nose, her Chin, and her well-hearing Ears,
Such whiteness as her lovely forehead wears.
Her Hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
They are, that *Angels* may bow down to touch!
And why not so? if Heav'n it self doth stoop
To them, and joy to see them lifted up.
But what is he that is not more than man,
Can her sublime perfections truly scan?
Much less set forth, sith certainly there's none
Who breaths the air, can fully set out one:
Who may then venture all of them to speak?
Unless he hazard all his brains to break.
I must confess the task's too high for me,
Be it the subject of *Divinity*.

O happy *Basil*, who may'st sweetly know,
Not onely what's above, but what's below!
And sure, the hidden equalize the known,
Thou may'st enjoy her all; she is thine own;

She

She is thine own, yea, perfectly she's thine,
And ne'r to alteration will incline,
But certainly whilst that ye both live, still
Will be the subject of her *Basils* will :
She is thine own, and with her is the sum
Of all the pleasures of *Elyzium*,
Enjoy them in a rapture, whilst thou make
Lucina smile, and Madam *Tellus* shake.

Now all ye Gods go tune the Spheres, and send
Down *Ganymede* from Heav'n t'attend
This happy couple, duly waiting on
The joyful triumphs of their Union ;
And thou *Emetpe* get thee gone to Hell,
And fetch him thence, who once by *Muses* spell,
Reduc'd a Soul, maugre the power of those
Fell destinies which durst him to oppose :
Touch thou his Harp with the rare *Phenix* Quill,
And bid him shew the utmost of his skill,
Making such musick, that Beast, Trees, and Stone,
May dance at their joys celebration :
And thou great Queen of *Jove*, who do'st assist
Nuptials, by making happy those thou list.
So showre thy blessings on these, that they may
Be but as one continued Nuptial day :
May the stout Bridegroom oft like *Hercules*,
Enter the Orchard of the *Hesperides*.
But here I rest, whilst others sport, for my
Head's giddy, and my Pen may go awry.

LIB. III.

New-Light gives new directions, now my Verse
With *Basil's* bliss, my wishes shall rehearse;
Proceed then *Reader*, for my Lines shall run
Far higher now than they as yet have done,
But do not thou with unbelief them stain,
Sith they more truth than *Sybil's* leaves contain.

O blessed *Basil*, thou enjoyest one
Wh' exceeds the height of admiration!
Who had she liv'd when first the World began,
Some God 'tis thought would not have suff' red man
To have enjoyed to himself alone,
But forcibly have took her for his own;
Hasting with speed, down from th' Imperial sky,
To have possess'd so rare a Diety.
Sure had she liv'd before the Wars of *Troy*,
Hellen whose Beauty caus'd so great annoy
Unto that Cities everlasting doom
(For hence against it, *Greece* in arms did come.)
I say, if *Dorothy* had lived then,
We ne'r had heard of highly fam'd *Hellen*;
For then the great *Bard* had left out her praise,
And *Dorothy* had been in all his lays,
The name of *Dorothy* had in each line
Been written, so they all had been divine.

And

And now *Hellen* I cannot well rehearse,
Nor wilt like *Dorothy* run in my verse;
Fair *Dorothy*, the gift of the most High,
To Princely *Basil* him to accompany,
A gift divine, such as I must confess,
Without a *Dorothy* none can express;
For who, O Lord, without a gift from Thee,
Can well express thine own of *Dorothy*?
Informing whom thy hand so famous deem'd
Almost it self to have excelled seem'd
And therefore now no other help but thine,
I shall request thy great gift to define,
And scorn assistance from the Muses Hill,
Where thou, O God, shalt please to guide my quill,
And from it *Dorothian Nectar* make
To flow; which do, O do, for thine own sake,
That *Dorothy* I here may so make known,
As she's thine Image, even thy very own.
The best of Women that the World ere knew,
Was but a Type of *Dorothy* to ensue,
Which now in *Dorothy*, her *Basil* dear,
He findes fulfil'd, and others judge that see her
Divinities, the object of her will,
She loves what's good; and hateth what is ill;
Her thoughts are noble, and her words divine,
Her *Graces* more delicious then Wine,
Every one of them being apter far
To ravish then entice, so rare they are!

Angellica's

Angelicals her gesture, and her gate
Most lovely sweet, humbly conjoyn'd with state.
Pure *Virtue* is her Hand-maid, and her dress
The richest *Jewels* of all godliness.
Rich Jewels! which are of so high a prize,
As that their worth all *India* defies,
And such, as if in ballances 'twere laid
With the whole *Earth*, by it 'twould be out weigh'd.
Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity*, adorn her brest,
So as by them may judged be the rest.
Heaven be thou the Paper, whereupon
They fairly may described be each one;
Ye *Angels* set them down, immortal Fame
Do thou lend Ink to Register the same.
Great God! this great gift at the instant when
Thou gavest, like thy self thou gavest then;
None but a God; could such a gift have given,
And from whence could it come, if not from Hea-
Who can of *Dorothy* make any sence, (ven?
Unless he do derive her name from thence:
And since she is descended from above,
She's surely worthy of a Prince's love.
Is she not *Basil*? thou whose name doth spell
No small one, if it be observed well.
Basil and *Dorothy* both names so high,
As in them all may read *Divinity*.
What is a King and gift from God conjoyn'd,
But *Basilean Dorothy* intwin'd?

Basil

(11)
Basil and Dorothy make up the sum
Of the High and Mighty looked for to come;
The great conjunction of a *King and Queen*,
Are very plainly in them to be seen.

O who is he, whom the great God of Heaven,
Hath not of wit and senses quite bereaven,
Can possibly so stupified be,
As not in these transcendency to see!

Transcendency of such an altitude
As doth in it contain *Beatitude*.

O blessed Couple, whose conjunction may
Increase the world, with more such as are they,
And multiply their Sacred Names so much,
As that the Nations may be fill'd with such,
Such *Basils*, and such *Dorothies*, as they're
In deed, as well as Name, Divine, and Fair.

O ye propitious *Planets* kindly be
Assistants at their blest'd Nativity,
Sol, Jove, and Mercury, your selves then place,
So as ye may make fortunate their race,
Yea, all the Stars of Heav'n joyntly shine,
So as their Seed may wholly be divine,
And all ye *Powers* above at once conspire,
To th'utmost to fulfil what they desire.

O let their Names beyond the *Indies* flie,
Highly renown'd unto *Eternity*!
And, O let all true happiness extend
To them, and on them evermore attend!

Let all things lawful be at their command,
And let their days exceed the Ocean's sand;
And when their Souls their Bodies shall forsake,
Unto thy self, them O Almighty take!
And at the great and general day of Doom,
When thy dear Son shall unto Judgment come.
Do thou, O do their Souls and Bodies crown,
With Everlasting Honor and Renown;
So that they e'r may in thy Kingdom sing,
Glory and Praise to thee their Lord and King.

Reader farewel, farewel all Poetry,
Farewel sweet Basil, and fair Dorothy,
And O thrice welcome dear Eternity.

FINIS.

